**Mindless Dreaming**

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# Mindless Dreaming

by abbymyg

Summary

Will had a peculiar way of dealing with nightmares when he was younger: if he's too tired, he doesn't get them. When Hannibal finds out about it, he becomes eager to help exhaust him.

For the hannibal bingo prompt: ravenstag.

Russian translation now available here

Notes

The ravenstag isn't really in the fic, but it did sparked the idea to write about Will's nightmares so, here we are.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Any more nightmares, Will?” Hannibal asks him in one of their sessions.

“Yes, actually, a few,” Will confesses with a sigh. He’s toying with a pen that’s on Hannibal’s desk. “I lost time briefly again this morning,” he also adds. “Luckily not at a crime scene this time.”

“Tell me about your nightmares,” Hannibal says. He’s sitting on his chair, Will has his back to him.

“Is this purely decorative?” Will asks instead, leaving the pen alone and grabbing a small vintage desk clock.

“It stopped working a while ago,” Hannibal replies. “I thought it was the batteries, but I changed them and it didn’t work. I kept it as an art piece.”

“I could try fixing it for you,” Will comments, almost to himself, and leaves the clock on the desk.

Knowing he can’t avoid talking about himself forever, he takes a deep breath and walks to the chair in front of the psychiatrist.

“I dreamed of a pitch-black lake,” Will confesses. “Garret Jacob Hobbs was there, Nick Boyle’s body, Abigail..” He closes his eyes. “I was fishing in the lake. Then it began to consume everything around it until everything turned black. Nothing remained.” Not even the stag that seemed to invade every dream he had.

“Have nightmares been a recurring event for you in the past, Will, or did they develop only after you began working for Jack?” Hannibal inquires.

“I’ve had nightmares my whole life,” Will shakes his head. “It’s the price to pay for my imagination. They’ve worsened as of lately, though.”

“The stress of your job is getting to you,” Hannibal says. “The nightmares, the sleepwalking, the loss of time…”

“Sometimes I think I should quit,” Will admits. “But I can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m saving lives. We’ve talked about this,” Will tells him, exasperated. “Maybe you should prescribe me sleeping pills,” he jokes, chuckling humorlessly.

“I fear that would be dealing with the consequences but not the root of the problem,” Hannibal argues. “What did you do in the past to prevent these occurrences?”

Will clears his throat, and Hannibal can swear his cheeks turned a slight shade of pink that can’t be attributed to the heat of the fire.

“I, uh, I found that if I exhausted myself enough then I would sleep like a baby afterward,” he says, looking everywhere but at Hannibal’s face.

“Exhausting yourself with work?” Hannibal asks, not understanding.

“No.”

“Physical activity, then?”

Will huffs and blushes further. “You could say so.”

Oh. *Oh.*

“Are you saying you used sex to avoid dealing with nightmares?” Hannibal asks for confirmation, even when Will’s body language tells him everything he needs to know.

Will coughs and still avoids looking at him.

“It first began as a way to delay going to sleep,” he explains. “I couldn’t have them if I wasn’t sleeping. Then I realized I didn’t have nightmares when I was too tired for them.”

“Why did you stop?” Hannibal asks.

Will laughs drily and finally returns his eyes to him. “I don’t have a roommate anymore, nor a girlfriend and I don’t like meeting people,” he says with a sardonic smile. “I’m not particularly fond of casual sex either. I tend to read too much into the other person’s feelings.”

“Because of your empathy.”

“Yes.”

“Is that why you choose Alana as a clutch for balance that one time?” Hannibal asks. “You knew her enough for you to consider it casual, and you wanted to bring no nightmares with you to bed that night?”

Will pauses for a moment, taken aback, and thinks about it.

“I didn’t see it like that at the time, but yes, you’re probably right.”

Hannibal hums, letting a beat of silence pass. “Do you remember what your nightmares were about, in the past?”

“Not really,” Will shakes his head. “When I was a cop, I used to dream about my coworkers dying in the line of duty sometimes, but those were more normal,” he says. “The ones that used to keep me up at night were more confusing, more similar to my actual ones. Maybe a bit less gruesome.”

Hannibal doesn’t fully believe he doesn’t remember. Something dreadful enough to make Will want to avoid going to sleep altogether was due to be remembered, but he isn’t going to

press him if he doesn't want to talk about it. It isn't what most interests him about the situation. Now that Will has brought up such an unorthodox but interesting coping mechanism to light, Hannibal wants to take advantage of it. How, he has yet to decide.

"And you haven't tried this… *method* , again since?"

Will laughs at the usage of the word. "No," he says. "Maybe I should, it's been a while since…" he lets the sentence die.

"It's an unorthodox solution, but I have always been a sympathizer of unorthodox solutions," Hannibal says, eyes lighting up with mirth. "If it works for you, then I think it's as good as giving you a prescription. Even better, perhaps. As long as alternative therapies don't cause harm, I welcome them."

Will chuckles, feeling a bit less awkward. He never expected to talk about sex in therapy with Doctor Lecter.

"It can't hurt to try," Will mutters.

"Do you have anyone particular in mind?"

He freezes.

"Pardon?" Will asks, confused.

"You said you aren't too keen on meeting new people," Hannibal explains. "I was merely curious if you're thinking about someone you know."

"I don't like meeting people, but that doesn't mean I can't do it when necessary," Will replies, a bit defensive. "But I wasn't thinking about anyone in particular, no. And anyway, doctor, isn't that overstepping a boundary?" He raises an eyebrow.

"You're right, Will, I apologize."

"Besides, these days the only people I interact with are my students, serial killers, corpses, Jack, Alana who already rejected me, the forensic team, and you," Will enumerates using his fingers. "I don't think any of them are offering. Unless…"

Wait.

Will looks at Hannibal, *actually* looks at him, paying attention. He takes in his posture, the way his eyes appear to be gleaming in the low light of the room. He sees his slightly parted lips, the bobbing of his Adam's apple. Will can taste the hope and desire in the air.

No.

It can't be, right?

There's no way.

No.

Still, he asks.

“Unless, you’re offering?” his voice is so low, and his heart is beating so loudly that he can barely hear himself speak.

Hannibal does, though.

"I apologize, Will, I know I'm crossing many ethical and personal boundaries but—"

Will doesn't let him finish. "No, ah, don't apologize," he says. "I'm, um," he coughs. "I wouldn't be opposed to it if you were," he says, looking at the floor, "offering, I mean."

Hannibal licks his lips and his mouth hangs open for a second, making the slightest of tears to his person suit. He didn’t expect Will to be so forward, even less accepting of his silent offering.

“Sorry,” Will apologizes, interpreting his silence incorrectly. “Sorry, I shouldn’t have said anything, I—” He gets up from his chair as if wanting to walk to the door and escape, but Hannibal stops him.

“No, no, Will, it’s okay,” he reassures him. “You just caught me off guard. Even when I’m aware of your empathy, it surprised me how easily you read me, that’s all.”

Will smiles, tilting his head to the side a bit and noticing the way Hannibal’s eyes immediately travel to the bare skin of his neck.

“I would have to be blind not to notice, doctor,” he says, his voice taking a flirty tone. “Honestly, I don’t know how I haven’t seen it until now.”

“Maybe because I didn’t want you to see it,” Hannibal counters.

Will’s smile widens. “Maybe.”

Something akin to pleasure stirs Will’s stomach at Hannibal’s sudden shyness. It makes him want to exploit it. Seducing his psychiatrist wasn’t in his plans, but maybe it’ll prove to be a nice distraction for his otherwise fucked up life.

“I should warn you, Doctor Lecter,” Will grins, “I have a very high stamina.”

The man’s breath hitches, and Will doesn’t miss the way he swallows.

“Do you, now?” he asks. Will can see a barely-there blush painting his cheekbones. It’s pretty.

“Oh yes,” Will continues, leaning back on the chair and purposely spreading his legs. “There’s a reason all of my exes got tired after a while and left.”

He feels his smile growing wider, predatory even. For the first time since he stepped foot into Hannibal's office all those months ago, he feels powerful. And he would be lying if he said the feeling doesn't make all of his blood rush south. His body is alive, pulsating in rhythm with his heartbeat.

Hannibal's pupils are blown wide, and the blush adorning his cheeks is deepening. He could definitely get used to seeing Hannibal that flustered.

They keep looking into each other's eyes for a moment, unwilling to ruin the moment. Then Hannibal checks the time in his wristwatch.

"Your session is almost over, Will," Hannibal says. "Do you think our conversation today helped, or will you still have nightmares tonight?"

"Oh, it helped," Will says, getting up from the chair, and he can immediately sense the disappointment in Hannibal. He represses a laugh. "However, that doesn't mean I won't have nightmares tonight regardless. I much rather be safe than sorry."

Hannibal gets up as well, smiling. "Would you like to have dinner with me?" he asks.

"Oh, *darling* ," Will says, taking a step closer. Hannibal doesn't move away. He tucks one strand of Hannibal's hair behind his ear. "You won't be making it home tonight."

He kisses him, and Hannibal returns it eagerly. The kiss is intense, more akin to devouring each other than an actual kiss. It's needy, passionate, and full of longing. Will has to stop himself from moaning into their heated exchange. Hannibal's hands wrap around his waist and squeezes it lightly. Will grips his shoulders and pushes him against the door, not letting the kiss break. Hannibal makes a wounded noise into it from the strength of the push, but he doesn't protest.

Hannibal is breathless when they part. Will smiles smugly at him, unable to suppress a chuckle. He presses their foreheads together for a minute, processing what just happened. He can feel his breathing matching his own, both gasping for air.

Will tries to take a step back, but this time Hannibal is the one that grabs his head and kisses him. Hannibal moves his tongue inside of his mouth and Will doesn't fight it. He gives in and lets his body melt into the man's arms. This kiss is slower and gentler than the last one, which only intensifies their mutual need. Hannibal's hands slowly sneak to Will's butt.

Will gasps at the touch and gets revenge on Hannibal by biting his lower lip, hard enough to draw blood. Of course, Hannibal is into that, so it only entices him further. He groans and deepens the kiss.

Will breaks apart first, needing to breathe. Hannibal's eyes seem glazed over, his cheeks flushed and lips swollen. The lower one is stained with fresh blood and Will wants nothing more than to sink his teeth into them again. He doesn't know where the urge is coming from, but he needs to taste Hannibal's blood on his tongue. Hannibal looks debauched. Will wants to consume him. Eat him whole.

He settles for the next best thing and falls to his knees. His fingers shake as he reaches for Hannibal's belt, the adrenaline flowing through his body too high. He looks up to Hannibal before unbuckling it.

"Is this okay, doctor?" he asks.

Hannibal's chest is rising and falling rapidly. His breathing is uneven and shallow. His eyes are dark, half-closed, and filled with lust. There's a fire burning in his gaze.

"Yes," he replies, voice rough.

Will smiles and proceeds. He undoes Hannibal's belt, then unzips his pants. Will isn't surprised to find that Hannibal is wearing silk boxers. Even his underwear is fancy. He doesn't have much time to think about it, because the unmistakable outline of Hannibal's semi-hard cock makes his mouth water and his mind fill with static. He swallows and holds his breath as he lowers his underwear, sliding it down his thighs.

Hannibal's cock springs free, and Will can't help but lick his lips at the sight. It's big and there's precum glistening at the tip already, screaming for attention. Will's desire to taste him is unquenchable. He looks up and meets Hannibal's eyes, then wraps his fingers around the base and traces the head with his tongue.

"Will." A breathy, pleased moan escapes his throat.

Will grins and begins to move his hand up and down Hannibal's shaft, focusing on sucking and licking at the tip for the moment. The salty, slightly acidic taste of precum coats his tongue. Will is a bit out of practice—it's been a long, *long* time since he's done this, but Hannibal doesn't seem to mind. He remembers the basics, and how to work his way through it. He slows his strokes as he moves his head down, getting more of Hannibal's length inside his mouth. He tests how far he can go without gagging.

Hannibal moans loudly, clearly enjoying the sensation, almost overwhelmed. He threads his fingers through Will's hair and pulls slightly, applying not enough pressure to hurt him, but enough to accompany his movements. Will sucks his cock deeper and deeper into his mouth until he can't anymore. He covers the remaining length with his hand and strokes up and down in sync with his head motions. He hums softly as he does so. He has always found this relaxing. Now though, it turns him on like nothing else has ever done.

He takes a second to glance at Hannibal. The older man is watching him intently, his face flushed and his eyes glassy. He makes a choked sound when their eyes meet and Will's eyes gleam, proud to be causing such a reaction. The grip he has on Will's hair tightness and his hips jerk, involuntarily thrusting into Will's mouth. Will obliges, giving him more access. His fingers and mouth continue working their magic. He can tell Hannibal is close, his breaths shallowing and coming faster.

Will hums with satisfaction as Hannibal comes undone inside of his mouth. The warm release floods his mouth and it sends shivers down his spine. Will keeps working his mouth, swallowing every drop that escapes Hannibal's cock. After another moment of shuddering

pleasure, Hannibal relaxes his hold on Will's hair. Will loses his mouth on the final drop, then pulls away.

Hannibal is completely spent, panting heavily, with his eyes closed. As soon as Will pulls away, he throws himself towards him and captures his lips with his. Their tongues slide together lazily for a few moments. Hannibal caresses his cheek when they part, looking at him with so much adoration it makes Will's cheeks warm.

He has to look away. He clears his throat.

"Can you keep going?" he asks to break the moment.

Hannibal's heart does a flip. Will is going to be the death of him. He won't deny him, however. He'd be lying if he said he didn't have a sexual interest in Will since they met in Jack's office.

He nods. Words still evade him.

Will smiles and kisses his forehead in a sweet gesture that doesn't fit the mood. "Good."

He gives another soft peck to his lips before moving away.

"I want you to fuck me," he says, when what he really wants to say is that he desperately *needs* him to, or he'd die.

And, just like that, the tender moment is broken.

"I'm afraid I'm way past my prime, Will," Hannibal says, a hint of amusement in his voice. "I can't get an erection again so soon."

Will hums. "How long does it usually take?"

"Thirty minutes. Sometimes more."

"We can do something else in the meantime."

"May I suggest something?" Hannibal asks.

Will smiles, tilting his head and licking his lips in anticipation. "Of course."

"Bend over the desk, please."

Hannibal's stern tone makes Will's knees weak, and his already hard cock throbs. The contrast between the commanding order, and the sweet 'please' that follows brings heat to Will's cheek. Hannibal has no right to sound so hot.

He complies immediately. He bends over the desk as requested, making sure not to wrinkle any important papers. He pushes an unfinished sketch away.

Hannibal is soon behind him. He doesn't ask for permission to undress Will, he just does. He undoes his belt and then lowers his pants. His boxers go down with them, exposing Will's ass to the cold air of the therapist's office.

He doesn't have time to wonder what Hannibal is going to do before he feels his finger teasing at his rim, circling it without sinking the digit inside. It goes on like that for a couple of moments, until he hears Hannibal kneeling behind him. He frowns, confused, but Hannibal spreads his cheeks further apart using his hands, making him yelp. He can't protest, though, because then his tongue licks at his entrance and Will melts.

"Fuck!" he curses, suddenly breathless.

No one has ever eaten him out before. He thought about it when he used to sleep with his roommate, but he mentioned in passing one time that the idea disgusted him, so Will never brought it up. Now the psychiatrist is doing just that, slowly, taking his time to savor him as if Will is the finest delicacy he could get his hands on.

Will lets his head fall against the desk, closing his eyes and enjoying the sensation. His hips twitch and his hands grip the edge of the table tightly, trying not to groan. Every one of Will's nerve endings feels on fire, his skin tingling with desire. Hannibal continues to lick him, gently pressing with his tongue, then leisurely pushing it inside.

"Oh, God, doctor!" he moans, holding onto the desk as his knees lose strength.

Hannibal hums encouragingly, exploring Will's hole with his tongue in increasing intensity. Will lets out a hoarse sigh. The doctor knows exactly which buttons to push to make him squirm, but not give him enough to bring him to orgasm yet. And he's glad for that. He wants to come around Hannibal's cock.

He clenches his fists tightly around the edge of the table. His breathing speeds up, his stomach muscles tightening under Hannibal's touch. It feels divine. Will bites his lip to prevent from yelling out in pleasure.

"Don't hold back, Will," Hannibal requests, stopping for a moment to speak. "I want to hear you."

Will never considered the possibility of having a voice kink, but something about Hannibal's voice low and husky, sends a shiver all the way up his spine. It adds to his arousal, makes his cock twitch.

"Okay," he nods.

Hannibal resumes fucking him with his tongue,  slowly, steadily. Will doesn't hold back this time, groaning and moaning, and letting out soft pleas and calls of 'doctor'. His legs shake, and his back arches as he fights the urge to climax.

Then Hannibal switches his tongue for his index finger, sliding it inside. Will gasps and cries out as the finger enters him, quirking up to press at his prostate.

“Fuck, Hannibal!” he moans. He can’t believe he addressed the doctor by his first name for the first time in these circumstances.

Will’s body is thrumming, his hips are starting to move on their own accord, seeking more stimulation. He wants Hannibal to go deeper, to fill him further.

“Please, Hannibal, more,” he begs, “I need more.” He’s lost his mind with the combination of pain, pleasure, and lust.

Hannibal complies, adding a second finger and fucking in and out of him relentlessly. Will writhes under Hannibal's skilled ministrations, his body buzzing with desire. His moans and pleas fill the otherwise silent office. Feeling the urgency in Will's voice, Hannibal adds a third finger, stretching him even more, and stimulating his prostate with precision. Will's body trembles, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he teeters on the edge of release.

He is close, so close. He wants to come around Hannibal’s cock, but the insistent fingers against his prostate won’t allow him to rest.

“Fuck, Hannibal,” he moans, voice coming out high-pitched and desperate at this point. “God, I’m close, I’m so—mnh!”

With one final thrust of his fingers, Hannibal pushes Will over the edge. Will's back arches, a guttural cry tearing from his throat as he reaches his climax. The thick ropes of his release stain the desk surface white.

Hannibal withdraws his fingers slowly, savoring the aftermath of Will's pleasure. He watches with a predatory hunger as Will's body starts to relax, a blissful expression painted across his flushed face. It makes his cock throb, already hard again and leaking.

The boy turns his head to the side, panting heavily and meeting Hannibal’s eyes. He can see the desire reignite in them when he sees Hannibal’s hard cock. He knows they both crave more.

He pats Will’s butt gently. “Turn around for me, Will,” he requests.

Will does, slowly rising from the desk and turning to face Hannibal. The psychiatrist brushes Will’s hair back from his forehead and kisses the skin.

“You did so good for me, darling,” he praises him, so softly that Will’s heart melts a little bit.

He then grips his hips tightly, breaking the illusion, to guide him back to the desk. He sits Will on it, then positions himself between his spread legs. He aligns his cock with the entrance, his precum wetting Will’s hole and mixing with his saliva.

“Wait, shouldn’t we use lube?” Will asks, grabbing Hannibal’s wrist.

A devious smirk appears on the psychiatrist's face, sending shivers down Will’s spine.

“Lube?” he asks as if Will asked for something completely irrational. “But *my darling,* look at how wet you are already,” he says, slipping his finger back again inside him. “You don’t

need any."

Will knows he should ask for lube anyway, just to be safe. But the way Hannibal says it is *so hot* that he just moans, and spreads his legs further apart. Hannibal groans in return and, with a powerful thrust, enters Will, burying himself to the hilt inside him. Will's breath catches, a mix of pain and pleasure coursing through him.

"Fuck!" Will moans, walls constricting around him. "Fuck, you're big."

Hannibal moans as well. Will's walls are hot, and tight, no matter how much he fingered him open. He doesn't care if Will's cock is soft, and that it's probably painful for him, Hannibal still wraps his fingers around it. He strokes up and down at a tortuous pace, driving Will insane with want.

"Move," Will demands, sinking his nails on Hannibal's shoulders. "Fuck, Hannibal, please move."

Hannibal does. The desk beneath them shakes, papers fluttering to the floor, as they lose themselves in the intensity of their shared desire. Their bodies slide over each other as one, their connection deepening with every movement. Will's nails leave crescent-shaped marks on Hannibal's shoulders, while Hannibal's fingers dig into Will's hips, leaving marks of his own.

Their moans blend, mingling with the sounds of their bodies colliding, a symphony of pleasure filling the room. Each thrust of Hannibal's hips pushes them closer to the precipice of release once again.

"Kiss me," Will requests, "kiss me."

Hannibal leans down to catch Will's lips in his, tongues and breaths meeting and mixing. They moan into each other's mouths, their bodies moving faster, harder against each other. Will has never felt so full.

With one final, powerful thrust, they both find release, their bodies shuddering with pleasure as they climax together. The room is filled with their mingled gasps and moans, the scent of sex and sweat hanging heavy in the air. They collapse against each other, their bodies spent but sated.

Hannibal guides them both to the floor, laying their bodies in a more comfortable position to rest and recover. He has to get up and find a wet cloth to clean them both and clean the mess they made on the desk as well.

He doesn't count on them falling asleep.

Will wakes up confused.

His entire body is in pain, and he doesn't know why. He opens his eyes and has to close them immediately. There's too much light in the room. And that's not right.

What time is it?

He forces his eyes to open again and remain that way. He takes in his surroundings and freezes, confused, before the memories of the previous night come back to him in flashes. His face heats up.

He looks around and finds Hannibal, naked and soundly asleep next to him, snoring softly.

Will blinks at the sight, both endeared and disbelieving. He wonders what this means for their relationship. What things will change, what will remain the same. If they'll ever do this again. If maybe Hannibal would come up with the excuse that it's important for Will's therapy to continue to fuck him.

He chuckles. Well, at least his theory was correct.

He didn't have any nightmares.

End Notes

Imagine Jack's reaction when he finds out the FBI was paying for Will's therapy sessions, and the agent was just fucking his therapist during them, lmao.

Anyway, thank you so much for reading! If you enjoyed it, you can follow me here

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